

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. ONE, NO. SIX

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 15, 1926

TEN CENTS

CARMEL DOG FANCIERS LAND PRIZES AT DEL MONTE KENNEL CLUB SHOW

Two Carmel dog fanciers came home from the Del Monte Kennel club's annual exhibit at Del Monte Saturday with the coveted blue ribbons. Mrs. C. Halsted Yates' Dalmation "Firefly" walked away with the honors in her class, and Dr. R. A. Kocher's Irish terrier puppy, "Manzanita Startler", was adjudged the best in his brand of company.

Other Monterey Peninsula winners were as follows:

Mrs. M. A. Newman's Sealyham "Birkdale Brooklet" took first prize for the dog in the puppy class.

H. J. Morse's Scotch Terrier "Macoun" took second prize.

A police dog, bred by Mrs. Dobbins, and now owned by M. Lopez of Monterey won the trophy for the best police dog on the coast.

Mrs. Stewart Haldorn won in York. Mrs. Nion Tucker's Schnauzers attracted a great deal of attention and took many prizes.

Francis X. Bushman's Great Danes swept away all dogs in their class, one of which took the prize for the best working dog in the show. clining in their satin lined jewel case were the sensation of the day.

Mrs. Eva Roades' Setters, from Watsonville, were awarded the prize for the best bench decorations.

POETS REALLY DO

GET EASY MONEY

The old idea that riches do not come easy to a poet has been exploded by George Sterling. Fifty-five cents recently came so easy to Sterling that he says he's ashamed to take the money.

With Robinson Jeffers Sterling drove down the coast last week in search of Harry Lafler's place up in the hills. While looking for the trail that leads up to the Lafler stone house Sterling discovered an empty hardware box and lying beside it, a dime. This aroused more than curiosity—it would in a poet—and a frantic search in the vicinity of the first silver mine uncovered another vein that was almost a lode. The net result of the drilling and tunnelling that followed was two more dimes and a two-bit piece.

Sterling has placed the money in Jeffers' hands to hold in trust, but he has hopes that a proper spirit will manifest itself in Lafler when the latter is officially notified of the location of his wealth.

Gouverneur Morris, the author, and Francis McComas, the painter, with Mrs. Morris and Mrs. McComas, will probably spend the 1926-27 winter in Morocco. Mr. and Mrs. Morris have made arrangements for large quarters in Morocco and Mr. and Mrs. McComas will be there guests there.

It is planned that the two families will leave in September for the Pacific coast of South America and cross the Andes by train to Rio de Janeiro. They will sail from there for Lisbon, Portugal, and travel through Southern Europe before crossing the Mediterranean.

ED. BARNES STAGES RETURN FROM THE DEAD

"Once into a quiet village—Pegasus-like, the ghost of Ed. Barnes walked in on Carmel last week. It must have been his ghost although Ed. denies it, because it was apparently firmly established about a month ago that Ed. had departed this realm from some point in Stockton. In fact, one of Ed.'s presumably closest relatives made the announcement of his death.

But Ed. returned last Friday; if you don't believe it, ask Delos Curtis. Curtis saw the ghost and all but did a departure that would have been more actual than Ed. Barnes' proved to be.

Back in his old haunts, Barnes explained that he had been seriously ill and that an was necessary, but that he had recovered slowly and, he insists, surely. He presen's himself to prove the justice of the adverb.

INDIANS WALKING AWAY WITH JUNIOR PENNANT

Like the "Shamrocks" of the Abalone League, the Sunset School "Indians" are making a one-team race of it in the Junior Baseball league. The "Indians" record is six victories and one defeat. Each of the four teams has two games to play and the "Indians" are mathematically "in", at least for a tie.

The game in which the Red Men triumphed last Friday was the best played so far in the league. Eleven thrilling innings were needed to decide a winner. Right up to the ninth, Dale Leidig's "Giants" held the lead, but then and there Bill Heron's battlers tied up the count. The tenth inning was a red-hot session. Nadine Fox in right-field saved the "Giants" scalp by a hair-breadth catch of a fly ball and a throw that held an eager "Indian" runner to third. Bunny Turner scooted home with a talley for the "Indians" in the eleventh, then Milton Roche, pitcher, and his teammates bore down and made that lone run the margin of victory.

Both teams deserve commendation for the skillful, clean baseball that they played. Starplays were numerous and steady ones the rule of the day. Teddy Leidig at shortstop and in batting was a powerful factor for the "Giants" and Belvaile at second for the same combination handled everything that

SHAMROCKS COME FROM BEHIND TO HOLD CLUB LEAD

CLUB STANDING

	W	L	Pc.
SHAMROCK'S	5	1	.833
PIRATES	3	3	.500
BEARS	3	3	.500
REDS	3	3	.500
TIGERS	2	4	.333
WHITE SOX	2	4	.333

Results of Sunday's Games

Reds, 8; White Sox, 3.
Bears, 9; Pirates.
Shamrocks, 8; Tigers, 7.

Games Next Week

White Sox vs. Pirates (1.15 p.m.)
Shamrocks vs. Reds (2.30 p.m.)
Tigers vs. Bears (3.45 p.m.)

By Ford's "Shamrocks" lengthened their lead in the Abalone League race Sunday by taking the Tigers down the line in a game that the Jungle crew seemed to have sewed up. The Cats showed the way right up to the last half of the sixth inning with a margin of four runs. But in that stanza the Green Shirts tallied three and, after holding the Tigers in the first of the seventh, rang up the tying and winning run with only one out.

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Credit for the victory goes to the unsung heroes at the tail-end of the Shamrock batting list. Dave Nixon, expert horseshoe pitcher who performs Sunday at second for the league-leaders, crashed two neat and robust safeties that he turned into runs. Mary Douglas, with two

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CARMEL NOW HAS LONG DISTANCE CHARLESTONER

Carmel now claims the world's record terpsichorean, both in form and endurance. can Charleston!

"Charleston Charley" has the name Carmel on his license plate or bowsprit or whatever you put the hailing place on. He just keeps on dancing and won't quit—until you turn off the phonograph.

"Charleston Charley" is the creation of Carl Cherry, formerly instrument maker at the Carnegie laboratory here. The marvel is that one small frame can carry all the mechanism it does. And Charleston! ...Himmel, how he can Charleston!

came his way.

Wednesday of this week in the Junior Baseball league the "Cubs" play the "Giants". On Friday the "Indians" tackle the "Yankees". Games start promptly at 4 o'clock.

CYMBAL CORRESPONDENT PAYS VISIT TO CARMEL

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Clewe of San Francisco, accompanied by Girard Hale portrait painter, and Miss Ruth Wattis, sculptress, motored down from the bay district last week.

Clewe is a prominent attorney of San Francisco and is well known in Carmel. Mrs. Clewe, as, Gene Hailey is a member of the editorial staff of the San Francisco Chronicle and a contributor to the columns of The Cymbal.

EMINENT SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLAR NOW IN CARMEL

Professor Henry David Gray, eminent Shakespearean scholar, is in Carmel with his family for a week. Dr. Gray was to have lectured in England this summer, but has postponed his trip because of the unsettled conditions there. He is expressing interest in the plans of the Forest Theater for the production of "Hamlet" next month.

Adventures in Eating Out

No. 2

"There's a place on Ocean Avenue that looks at night exactly like a Christmas card. It's partly the quaintness of the little house itself, but chiefly, I think, it's the light shining out of the windows through the orange curtains.

Inside, it's just that perfect combination of cheerful cosiness which the Christmas-card exterior led you to hope for. And from the moment when you lift the covers from the little red lacquer bowls and sniff the delicious hot soup, you are likely to enjoy dinner at the Blue Bird tea room just as much

DRS. MAC DOUGAL AND OVERTON HAVE PAPERS AT SCIENCE MEET

Dr. D. T. MacDougal of the Coastal Laboratory and Professor Overton of Wisconsin University, who is working at the laboratory this summer, will present a paper before the Pacific Coast Division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Mills College on Friday June 18. The subject of this is "The Properties and Behavior of Cells That Live Long".

Explaining the import of this, Dr. MacDougal said, "The bodies of living things are built up and grow by the formation of new cells which run a short life and then die so no single cell has an existence for more than a few days or a very few years ordinarily. Certain tracts of cells in plants and animals have been found in which the minute bits of protoplasm constituting a cell continue their existence and retain their individuality for a period of 100 to 150 years. This discovery was made by examination and experiments with the central part of the great tree cactus of Arizona.

"It is supposed that brain cells in the human body which are formed soon after birth retain their existence throughout life and it is even possible that the cells of the muscular tissues of the heart also have a life identical with that of the body. The cells in the brain and in the heart and in the pith of the plant are of extremely unlike types so that it is not possible to ascribe the long life of living matter to any feature of its visible structure or to the character of its activities.

Dr. William Newton, also a member of the staff at the Coastal Laboratory, will deliver a paper on "The Absorption of Carbon Dioxide by Green Leaf Material".

The original manuscripts of the "Uncle Remus" stories have been presented by the family of Joel Chandler Harris to the Emory University of Atlanta, Georgia.

Tom: "My, it's cold! I'm chilled to the bone."

Dick: "Well, why don't you put your hat on?"

as you expected—but probably more! No matter how often you dined there, I feel sure you'd always find an element of surprise about the menu and you could never tire of the dainty way the food is served. Hot Parker House rolls, fruit salad, asparagus and strawberry shortcake deluxe (the proper home kind made with biscuit and plenty of juice and whipped cream!) were part of our dinner, yet in their way they were no more perfectly prepared than the meat and creamed potato which formed the more substantial part of the meal.

If you sit before the window you have a "front-seat-in-the-balcony" for everything that passes on Ocean avenue to entertain you while the plates are being changed. And, I assure you, Ocean avenue is well worth watching—celebrities stroll up and down there, the Marshal trots by on his shining black beauty, and you never know when an impatient automobile, tired of parking, will start a little excitement by running down the hill.

—D. C.

Another big prize is being offered for a first novel by an American writer. Pictorial Review, Dodd, Mead and Co., and the First National Pictures have combined to stimulate the production of a best-seller by the offer of a \$17,500 award. The contest closes the first of October.

A young woman in Masontown, W. Va., writes Mr. Ellis Parker Butler for "personal incidents, bits of biography, and antidotes." "I can't think of any antidotes for humorists," writes Mr. Butler, "except Sinclair Lewis and white of eggs."

—from The Conning Tower.

New books on the mechanical or technical side of writing include "How to Write a Short Story" and "The Commercial Side of Literature" by Michael Joseph, published by Henry Holt & Co. Joseph is one of the foremost literary agents in England.

Flapper: "I'll see you outside the postoffice at seven o'clock."

Youth: "All right. What time will you be there?"

Blue Bird Tea Room

TELEPHONE 161

Tea Service

LUNCHEON
DINNER

NEWS NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Silva and Mrs. Sara Deming were guests at a luncheon given by Mrs. George Wood on Friday.

Mrs. Frank Findley and her son Gordon of Palo Alto have returned to Carmel for the summer and are living on Monte Verde street, near Ocean ave.

Mrs. Dorothy Cotton of Pasadena has leased the Alberger villa at Pebble Beach for the remainder of the season.

J. L. Harwood and family of San Francisco have taken the Vincent home in Pebble Beach for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Smith of San Francisco have taken a house in Carmel for a few weeks. Smith is representing the Fleishacker company at the Hotel Owners' convention at Del Monte this week. This is one of the largest conventions of the year attended by about 500 hotel and apartment owners of the country.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Flynn and family from San Salvador, Central America, have taken the Cator house for a few months.

Miss Elise Wagner of Stockton will assist Mrs. Bernice Fraser in Fraser Looms this summer.

Mrs. Maude I. Hogle has returned from Oakland for a short visit.

Power O'Malley, the internationally known etcher, is giving an exhibition of his work at the Arts and Crafts hall. This exhibition is open to the public every afternoon this week.

Jadviga Naskoviak, who played the lead in "The Nursery Maid of Heaven" in the Theatre of the Golden Bough, will play the role of Ophelia "Hamlet" at the Forest Theater this summer. Miss Naskoviak is a vocalist who has been studying in San Francisco. She will be the guest of Miss Tilly Polak during the summer.

Ira Remsen has taken a studio in the Seven Arts building for the summer.

Many Carmel people were guests at the tea dance given last Friday afternoon on the U. S. S. Cruiser Seattle in Monterey harbor. Among those from Carmel were Mrs. C. Chapel Judson, Mr. and Mrs. John Jordan, Miss Helen Judson, Mrs. D. W. Willard, Miss Helen Willard, Miss Louise Prince, Mrs. Felton Foster and Miss Jane Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. John Orcutt of San

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CARMEL THE CYMBAL

A weekly journal of news of the activities and ideas of people, their aspirations and endeavors, together with comment and opinion thereon.

Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of the Cymbal, Seven Arts Building, Carmel, Monterey County, California.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

Application for entry as second-class mail matter is pending.

THE TIDE AT CARMEL

	High	Low
June 16	1:31a	9:00a
	4:30p	9:52p
June 17	2:34a	9:45a
	5:07p	10:59p
June 18	3:57a	10:28a
	5:43p	11:58p
June 19	5:19a	11:12a
	6:13p	
June 20	6:30a	12:48a
	6:45p	11:56p
June 21	7:42a	1:32a
	7:16p	12:41p
June 22	8:44a	2:15a
	7:48p	1:27p
June 23	9:40a	2:59a
	8:24p	2:13p
June 24	10:33a	3:41a
	9:00p	3:01p
June 25	11:25a	4:25a
	9:41p	3:48p
June 26	12:17p	5:10a
	10:24p	4:39p

Fair Customer: "As my husband is contemplating the purchase of a new piano, would you kindly send a few samples to that address, please!"

—from The Passing Show

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WHEREIN ONE POET TALKS NOT AND THE OTHER ONE SHOOTS SQUIRRELS

By W. K. B.

In one of the delightful courts at the Panama-Pacific International exposition in San Francisco in 1915 was a still pool. It was a rare joy to stand at its brim for many minutes at a time and see in its inimitable mirror the transcending reflections of the pillars of the arcades which bordered the court and of the transfigured blue of the sky above them. Occasionally, with that inevitableness with which God has tortured the world, someone would walk up gaping to your side, wonder ignorantly why you were standing silently there and—throw peanut shells into the unmoving water.

In a prose poem to Robinson Jeffers, printed on another page of this issue of THE CYMBAL, George Sterling says: "I wish him few callers, and windows open to the four winds of inspiration." That is Sterling's way of attempting to construct a barrier against peanut shells being thrown into a still pool of reflected splendor.

Robinson Jeffers is at once a voluble man and a silent one. His long, slender body and fine-cut, intensive head are rhetorical. His lips move seldom in un-desired and un-needed expression of himself. He walks un-speaking with you about his towered and turretted home on the Point in Carmel, and you move by his side in silence as though conforming to an un-voiced command.

But there is no attitude of the domineering in the author of "Tamar" and "Roan Stallion." His is rather an uncertain silence as though he were himself commanded to it by a power above and about him over which he has no control. Up there in the silent recesses of that pile of stone he has erected to the glory of the open air he transcribes the beauty that wells unconscious and unbidden within him. I may be wrong, but Jeffers is the mannikin of inspiration

if a mannikin of inspiration there be or ever has been.

It was my particular fortune that another singer, with equally beautiful power, albeit of a different quality, was at the Jeffers home when I found the tall poet and Mrs. Jeffers in their yet un-flowered garden. George Sterling had come down from his home in the Bohemian club of San Francisco and was shooting—not peanut shells, but ground squirrels. After we had gone into the low-ceiled library of the house and were talking about Evelyn Nesbit and Harry Thaw (just to show you how affectedly unconcerned we were) Sterling, from his comfort on a chaise longue, sighted one of the brown rodents far down the lot. He lazily got to his feet and pulled the rifle from behind the door. Then, with a surprising carelessness, he stood in the doorway and fired. "Go pick him up," he said to one of the Jeffers' children as he turned back into the room.

Finally I got up into the tower with Jeffers. There where he has recently laid the final stone he told me in slowly offered and sparse words where he had obtained some of the rocks he has cemented into the turrets. He showed me a port hole that had come from the Natalie, the

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JUST AS IT OCCURS

to O. S.

[The Cymbal's Eastern Looker-on]

The book, "Les Don Juanes," which I bought hurriedly, thinking it was written by Marcel Proust, turned out to be by Marcel Prevost! I suppose I should know this gentleman, since he is a member of the French Academy, but I had read nothing of his and, after getting through "Les Don Juanes," have no desire to read anything else. It's a story of post-war Paris, very much like that greasy opus of a few years ago—remember, "The Bachelor Girl," or some such title, written by one Victor Marguerite?

This Prevost writes like a super-Gertrude Atherton—all just as obvious and unsubtle, depending for shock and thrill on medical details that belong in well-written fiction as little as detailed accounts of sea-sickness. Altogether, it's nothing but bourgeois sensationalism, and if writing that sort of bilge gets a Frenchman into the Academy, one wonders why in the name of God Anatole France wanted to belong. Although, of course, one doesn't forget the incident of the red petticoat, told in the book called "Anatole France Himself," by his secretary!

that I'd never heard before, and maybe you haven't either. It's the sort that is better heard than read, especially if the teller has any dramatic gift and can put just the right expression into it. It seems that Mrs. Clemens had been reading a book on "how to bring up husbands", learning therefrom that if your husband swore and you desired to break him of the habit you should cultivate it too, since his horror and shame at hearing profane words on his wife's lips would make him realize the enormity of his offence.

One evening Mark was talking on the telephone to some one who made him very angry and he began cursing vigorously. "That's right, dear," said Mrs. Clemens, looking up from her book, "give him hell." Mark put down the receiver, swallowed a moment and regarded his wife reflectively. Then he shook his head and said, "No, my dear, you've got the words right but you don't know the tune!"

It is said that leaves were once used as currency. They had one advantage over the franc. They only fell in the autumn.

Roger told us a Mark Twain story

M. J. MURPHY

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CHRISTOPHER WARD INTERVIEWS HIMSELF

I found Christopher Ward plowing one of the fields of his 10,000 acre ranch in the mountains of Northern Delaware. A tall rangy man of uncertain age and temper, his broad shoulders bowed by age and sorrows, he is indeed, a fine specimen of our fast vanishing stock of hardy pioneers. A patriarchal beard concealed many of his features.

"Are you Christopher Ward?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, eyeing me keenly. "Are you?"

"I am," I answered.

"Alas," said he, brushing from his broad forehead the dust of centuries. "Ain't that terrible!" His black eyes gleamed defiance. "Perhaps you would like to examine my beard," he added handing it to me courteously. "It is a genuine antique—formerly Brigham Young's—I got it from a member of his family for a mere song. You wouldn't believe how mere. 'Annie Laurie,' it was."

"That team now," he continued, pointing to the plow-horses. "Well-bred. Part Arab and part horse—but I'm not sure which part. A spanking pair of bays, they are. Would you like to see them spank? No? Isn't that sad?"

The snow was eddying around us in eddies.

"Do you usually plow in the snow?" I asked.

"Why not?" he asked anxiously. "Isn't it done? I thought it might get the agricultural vote. Ought I to be pitching hay? My God! man, I haven't any. Not a single hay. I told the florist to send up two dozen of the very best hays, and they haven't come."

"But I've got a good saq-bucket," he added hopefully. "Will that do?"

He wiped the sweat of agony from his brow with his horny hand and dried it on tail of the off horse.

"The end justifies the means," he said simply. "Come, we'll have tea on the lawn."

Stretched in a long wicker chair, his slender legs encased in white flannels, with a pipe in his hand, he looked the picture of the English novelist.

"How old are you?"

A deep shadow settled on his countenance as he faced the intruder. His finger nervously felt the trigger of his six-gun.

"Yes," he said at length, in measured tones.

"Were you ever educated?"

"Well, hardly ever. I mean, not frequently. Once or twice, perhaps." The man seemed to be brooding over some fancied wrong. His blue eyes met mine with perfect frankness.

"I did graduate—or was graduated—have it your own way," he moodily continued. "At Williams College—there she stands—and at Harvard Law there she stands. But that doesn't count, does it?" he asked anxiously.

"It was such a little one—and I was so young Besides," he added defiantly, "It's barred by the statute of limita-

tions."

"Have you ever practised law?"

"Oh yes, yes," he replied, airily.

"For the last twenty-eight years. You notice I say 'last.' That's important."

"Law," he added reminiscently, "Strange how a word like that sticks in one's memory. I suppose it is a re-

"Where were you born?"

"No!" he thundered. He let go the steering-wheel in his excitement. The car swerved to the right, crashed into a rugged gnarled old rose bush. We were both instantly killed.

"What are your politics?"

The deep boom of the surf on a lee shore resounded in our ears. He shifted his quid, took a reef in his trousers and leaning lazily on the tiller said:

"Tuesday, isn't it? Oh, then Republican—also Democrat with Prohibitionist tendencies. I am strong for Volstead act—too strong, I may say. Will you have Scotch or Rye? I am also," he added, "a K. K. K., a Knight of Columbus and a member of the Sons and Daughters of I will Arise."

His strongly marked African features broke into a wide-mouthed grin.

"Yas, suh! Yas, suh! Dem's my sentiments," he said. "And I may add my great-grandfather spoke Yiddish."

"Have you a family?"

A spasm of fear passed over his fine Italian countenance. He groaned aud-

ibly, as, with a fine swing, he made the nineteenth hole in one.

"A family?" his eyes kindled with wrath as he mounted his horse. "I believe so. But it's a matter I've not really considered. Please don't quote me on that subject."

"Will you tell me about your books?"

My books. Ah, my books!" He sprang from his chair, paced to and fro in agitation, while his pet dog affectionately licked his boots. His features worked nervously. His Celtic origin was writ large on his expressive face.

"There they are," he murmured softly, as with a wide gesture of defiance he indicated the full shelves walling his library. "Look at them! Is there anything there to be ashamed of, Got wot?"

"Which do you like best?"

"That depends," he whispered huskily. "Gibbon's Rome makes an excellent custard, but Grote's Greece is best for the hives. I thin khightly of those on the top shelf—Laura Jean Libey and the Koran. Excuse me a moment, I must cal my secretary."

He touched one of a battery of buttons on the top of the broad mahogany desk.

"Miss Pretheridge, if the laundryman calls, tell him I'm in a conference—got a big deal on. Now, sir, turning to me, "please state your business briefly."

"Have you ever written any books yourself?"

"Ah!" he exclaimed, his boyish

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Candidate for

TREASURER

of Monterey County

[Subject to Primary Election August 31, 1926]

THE FOOL

(He laughs at himself and others, and comments with delight on the discords in the clash of the brazen Cymbal, the crack of the spreading Pine Cone, the blast of the Herald's trumpet — and the cacophonies of the Press at large.)

"There is no reason," says The Cymbal, "why the lives of Pasteur or Koch, written in Paul de Kruif's dramatic style, should not be interesting as to the layman to whom these names are more or less unfamiliar." This phraseology is more or less unfamiliar to us, but no doubt

"The same old moon that shone eleven years ago was shining on Thursday night when Mr. and Mrs. — entertained in celebration of their wedding anniversary." For our part, though we stick to one wife, we change our moon every three years.

A story in a City paper recently carried the COOLIDGE WILL GO TO U. C. How much nicer than being crushed beneath the shields at the end of her dance. But, of course, in Salome's time the University of California did not exist.

The Pine Cone circulates heavily in Pebble Beach, The Highlands and Carmel Valley," says an advertisement. Evidently Mr. Overstreet's light touch did not go with the goodwill when the paper was sold.

A form postal has been sent us to fill in and return to a certain business house. It reads: "Gentlemen: Please send me free and entirely at your own expense, without any obligation on my part, all particulars and full information regarding your offer." Almost gratis!

Specialist in human service. The man who does anything for anybody any time. P.O. Box —, San Francisco." We are engaging him at once to commit a couple of murders for us.

In announcing the Carmel production of The Snow Queen it is stated that "only children resident or visiting on the Peninsula will be used." From which we gather that no person not here can take part.

It is said that the average poet often writes a poem before breakfast and thinks nothing of it. Our own opinion exactly.

"I hear the Forest Theater is going to play Hamlet in modern clothes," said the man in the Rolls-Royce. "I wonder where they will get their costumes." Unnecessarily unkind, we think.

For years we have been content in the belief that steam laundries killed the germs in their output. But now we read that it isn't so. Perhaps not, yet we venture to say there are no germs on the center of the blanket we have just got back from the — laundry, for the center has ceased to exist.

A testimonial for a certain famous yeast runs somewhat like this: "I was run down, irritable, depressed. My nerves were in dreadful condition. I lacked energy. My physician recommended — yeast. I took three cakes a day for two months. My energy returned. I now have all the buoyancy of youth." It probably made it a simple matter for her to rise in the morning, also.

O. S. writes to the Cymbal that "Ford Madox Ford (Nee Hueffer) wrote a novel last year called 'Some Do Not.' If Miss Hueffer will call at our office she will learn that some others do either.

Lear: Dost thou call me a fool, boy?

Fool: All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent: This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool: No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't; — and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself to myself; they'll be snatching.

Advertising costs
more in The Cymbal
than in any other
weekly or daily publication
on the peninsula

—there's a reason

SHOPPING with CYMBALINE

Cymbaline was gone longer than usual that afternoon and I wondered what had kept her. She came in finally and dropped a couple of new magazines and a package which looked like books on to the couch and proceeded to explain her absence.

"I have had a most entertaining, and I might add, a highly instructive afternoon," she began. "I went to the Seven Arts to get a book for Lillian to read on the boat—"

"Oh, what did you get?" The purchase of a book is about the only kind of shopping that arouses my enthusiasm—if I had the wherewithal I should certainly obey the "Buy-a-Book-a-Week" slogan!

"I got two—'Thunder on the Left,' which is such a delightful thing and makes a fine present, and Heywood Broun's new one, 'Gandle Follows His Nose.' Lillian is a devoted reader of Heywood Broun's column, you know."

"But it couldn't have taken you all that time to buy just two books?"

"Oh, no, it didn't. But who ever heard of rushing into a book shop demanding a book and dashing out again?" exclaimed Cymbaline, looking pained at the mere idea, "a bookshop was invented for the person who isn't in a hurry, who likes to—"

"Don't say 'browse,'" I interrupted hastily, "it's been done to death!"

"I didn't intend to," retorted Cymbaline with dignity, "I was about to say 'ruminate' in a pleasant place. Because, you know, the Seven Arts book shop—in fact, the Seven Arts building as a whole—has a most decided charm, though it's hard to put it into words. I think one reason it's so lovely and so satisfying is the fact that it's genuine and individual. It wasn't built to imitate any particular architecture of any particular country—it's really pure Carmel, inside and out." She paused and smiled suddenly at a recollection.

"There was a tourist in there this afternoon who looked around and remarked condescendingly, 'Why, it's just like Hollywood.' You should have seen the pained look on Mrs. Heron's face after the woman left!"

"I suppose it was a surprise to the Southern lady to find such a large bookshop in such a small place as Carmel."

"Probably—well, the reason I've been gone so long," continued Cymbaline, "is that when I got there I saw, for the first time in my Carmel experience, an artist actually at work! Oh, I've seen their pictures on various walls and I've been in some of the studios, but the nearest I ever got to seeing one in action was when we passed that man carrying an easel and campstool on the road to Point Lobos. But, here was one at work on

a panel on the wall over the fireplace! I couldn't resist the temptation to sit down quietly in a chair by the door across the shop and watch. You must go in and see it—it's the most interesting landscape with little fauns wading in a winding river of gold, and a centaur among the trees, and a background of hills of blue and lavender and all sorts of cheerful pinkish colors. It seems to me a beautiful mural painting and it blends in perfectly with the blue tiles of the fireplace. Of course, I don't—"

"Please," I begged, "don't say you don't know much about art, but you know what you like!"

Cymbaline almost glared, "I can't imagine why in the world you keep expecting me to get off all those old bromides," she remarked, "I was about to say—of course, I don't know what any one else would have put up there, but it seems to me that they couldn't have anything more delightful than the painting Elizabeth Dickenson is doing . . . I really didn't intend staying so long but, in addition to the fascination of watching her there was other entertainment right along, listening to visitors—most of whom weren't customers, strictly speaking—make remarks and ask questions about everything. It was most illuminating as a cross section from the life of a book shop! Several earnest souls wanted to have the seven arts enumerated for them. Several other even more earnest souls desired to know where the artists lived. They seemed to expect to find them segregated, and blinked in bewilderment when Mrs. Heron said, 'Oh, we let them live anywhere they like.' One woman went out disappointed because it wasn't a circulating library, and somebody else couldn't understand why the magazine rack didn't include 'Snappy Stories.'"

"Didn't any one buy books?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes, several copies of 'Roan Stallion' went, and somebody bought Booth Tarkington's 'Women.' The rest of them just looked around vaguely, murmured 'Isn't this a cute place!' and wandered out into the courtyard to gaze expectantly down into the well. You know, I think the Herons ought to use the bottom of that well for some kind of advertising—I'd almost be willing to bet that no tourist who enters that courtyard misses looking down that well!" It seems to draw them like a magnet."

"But what is in it?" I inquired

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"THE HOTTENOT" FINE PIECE OF COMEDY WORK

I laughed and laughed. The thing was not only funny from start to finish and handled with a lightning speed that is necessary in good comedy, but it was well played. The George Barrie company of San Francisco deserves the well known vote of thanks for having the temerity to attack our most exclusive confines with its bit of nonsense and relieve whatever boredom there may have resulted from everything in general and the persistent fog in particular.

"The Hottentot" didn't fill the Theatre of the Golden Bough Friday and Saturday nights, but that cannot be taken as any measure of the merit of the show. Barton Yarborough did his bit to perfection and the lines of the play, already strong in spontaneous humor, were enhanced by a superb piece of acting on the part of the comedian.

While tossing up roses for various persons to walk under I especially desire that the young lady who is down on the "Hottentot" program as Barbara Henshall should run under the next wad precipitated into the air. It is a lot of personality Barbara has and what she gave us of it this week-end at the Golden Bough arouses in me a big thirst for some more. Any time any theater directors around these pine woods announce the appearance of Barbara Henshall you'll find me early at the box office. It is not what she did last week end per se that arouses this fervor, but what her week-end contribution to the joy of rations indicates that she is capable of doing. Muchly would I like to see Miss Henshall in another and more seriously important role than was possible to "The Hottentot".

Yarborough demonstrated that rare ability and genius in a comedian that takes him to the fine point of comedy that divides it from farce. And while

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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WEeping BEECH WINS
OVER APARTMENT HOUSE

Interest in saving trees is spreading every day. A beautiful weeping beech at Flushing, Long Island, was doomed to annihilation to make way for a big apartment house. It was saved by the efforts of the park commissioner, supported by the Brooklyn Botanic Garden and other organizations. It is said to be the largest and most beautiful specimen of its kind in the world.

England has a prize called the Hawthornden prize, awarded annually for the best work of imaginative literature. For the first time it was given to a dramatist—Sean O'Casey for his play, "Juno the Paycock."

The London Spectator says of Clarisse Bader's book, "Women in Ancient India," a new volume in Dutton's "Oriental Series," "Mlle. Bader's book is destined to guide many a student along the road to an appreciation of the Indian outlook on life in general and female existence in particular. The translator has laid under a deep obligation all those readers who have neither time nor inclination to take up the study of Sanskrit, but who are not content to rest ignorant of the vast literature of the ancient Indians. Many books on India and Indian thought yearly see the light, but it is rarely that one with such fidelity and understanding makes its appearance. Readers of either sex can be assured, not merely

of interest, but of fascination in the pages of this book."

SALVATORE FINDS
NORDIC BEAUTY

Carmel residents to whom the mop of curly black hair and the gay red shirt of Salvatore were a familiar sight about a year ago will be interested in the following story which appeared in a recent issue of the San Francisco Examiner. While in Carmel Salvatore lived in a shack belonging to Blanding Sloan.

San Francisco's art colony is hailing a new genius—an Italian youth who a year ago was digging ditches. He is Salvatore Macri, sole tenant of an airy flat on the top of an apartment building in Sacramento street just above Stockton.

Salvatore, the name under which he paints, draws and sculpts, has told the secret of his inspiration, one that may make him and his work famous "Grape Eyes," a woman, Nordic blonde whom he saw but once or twice when he came to San Francisco. Then he was a ditch digger, beyond the pale of the woman's acquaintance. Fascinated, he began drawing pictures of her from memory. He named her "Grape Eyes," he explained to friends yesterday, because they seemed "soft, black velvet." His painting of her, noticed about the art colony by Blanding Sloan, Salvatore's patron, has brought him to notice.

The youth came to San Francisco from Spokane, Wash., where he worked on ranches, on roads, or wherever two strong arms and a tireless back could be used. Evenings he copied the faces of pretty girls from magazine covers to amuse himself. He heard, he said, of San Francisco's art center, and he worked his way down here.

On money he had saved swinging a pick he was able to take a brief course in the California School of Fine Arts. His money gone, he went back to digging ditches again. There Blanding Sloan found him, and offered to help him of nights. The young laborer worked hard. Today finds him working afternoons in a downtown book store, painting mornings and nights.

"I fell in love with a woman I had only just seen, and it made me work—I don't know why," the artist explained. It is to her, whoever and wherever she may be, and to San Francisco that sheltered me, that I owe everything."

Model: "I understand you are painting Lady Godiva. Are you wanting a model?"

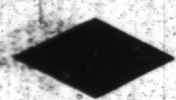
Artist: "You're too late—I've done her. What I want now is the hind legs of the horse."

—Punch

The Cinderella Shop

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WOOL EMBROIDERED - HAND
SMOCKED SILK DRESSES IN PEAS
ANT DESIGN - ALL FAMOUS FOR
THE CINDERELLA TOUCH - - -
HATS - SMOCKS - SILK - SPORT
DRESSES - - -

CHILDREN'S
- DRESSES -



LITERATURE AND

HELOISE AND ABELARD IN FINE NEW EDITION

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

Among the valuable books that have been re-issued this season, is "Heloise and Abelard" by George Moore. After the flood of literature bearing the name of "modern" and the stamp of 1926, it is good to turn back awhile to this fine classic. Excellently fitted both by nature and scholarship for his task, the author has created from the dust of the old story, a narrative warm with genuine understanding.

The tremendous struggle between the intellect and the emotions, between love of glory, and human love has never been more bitterly contested anywhere in history. As a setting for a jewel, he has re-created France of the Middle Ages so vividly that it is hard to believe that he himself did not wander along its roads, singing and playing with gleemen and trouveres, visiting the Courts of Love and arguing with students in the cities on obscure questions of philosophy and theology. Abelard, pulled both ways by his love of music and his love of philosophy, is an intensely human figure. His love for Heloise, which leads him into such straits, for a time completely absorbs him, so that his lectures suffer and his students complain.

Heloise, at heart a pagan, is motivated during her girlhood by her love of learning, but from the moment she sees Abelard, her whole life centers around her love of him. As she begins to realize that she stands in the way of his glory, she decides that she will not become one of the multitude of women who have preyed men from attaining fame. It is curious to note in this connection that Abelard's name has become famous more because of his love than because of his philosophy.

She bitterly opposes marriage, and after being forced into it by circumstance, she enters a convent and takes the veil. For many years she lives the life of a nun, suffering because of the silence of Abelard, which she does not understand. Her only comfort is her child Astrolabe, who inherits a love of music from his father. When he joins the children's crusade to the Holy Land, her capacity for suffering seems exhausted. This, however, is followed by the expulsion of the nuns from their convent, begging in the streets of Paris, meeting Abel-

(Turn to Page Thirteen)

Pedro Lemos, well known artist and curator and instructor in the art museum of a group of studio buildings at Casanova street and Seventh avenue. Lemos was in Carmel last week supervising the start of the building.

Bonnie Lee journeyed to Palo Alto last week to attend the graduation exercises of the Palo Alto Military Academy. Her son, Curtis, was graduated from the eighth grade of the academy.

"ARMS AND THE MAN" TO BE NOTABLE FOREST THEATER PRODUCTION

With Dr. A. E. Burton, assisted by Herbert Heron and John Parker directing its destinies, the production of George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" promises to be a great success as the initial offering of the Forest theater's summer festival.

Dr. Burton is enthusiastic in his interest in the open-air theater which has brought so much fame to Carmel and since he took up his residence here in 1920, he has devoted much of his time and energy in furthering its plans.

His first actual contribution to the success of the theater was playing a part in "The Golden Doom". The next year he assisted in the production of "The Countess Cathleen" and the year following he played in "Caesar and Cleopatra". He designed and built the tremendous set for "Kismet" as well as the set for "The Cradle". His scenery for "Iphigenia in Taurus" last year is considered one of the most successful and appropriate the open-air theater has ever had.

In 1924 Dr. Burton became president of the Forest Theater, which position he has held ever since.

Today he is actively engaged in superintending the construction of the Bulgarian setting for "Arms and the Man", designed by D. W. Willard for the opening play of the festival.

The cast for "Arms and the Man" comprises Ruth Kuster, Emma Rendtorff, Marian Todd, Herbert Heron, Guy Koepp, Henry L. Watson, Eugene Watson and John Parker.

"Hangman's House" (by Don Byrne) suffers, like most bad novels, from faulty distribution. All virtue is hoarded in the heroine and hero while the poor victim must go naked. No good or kindly deed is assigned to him except the fact that he dies most tactfully and conveniently to bring about a happy ending. You see, he was the husband of the heroine, though it's most carefully arranged that this shall be "in name only." A priggish book is this "Hangman's House," and not much more than Harold Bell Wright with flourishes and trumpets.

Indeed it's most discreetly aimed to catch the trade of those who think that Mr. Wright is just a shade beneath them. And he isn't. —Heywood Brown in the New York World.

GAWPY DECLARED TO BE FOLK-SONG

By JEANNE BURTON

Gawpy put into pictures. Gawpy made into verse, into legend. Gawpy, I say, is come to stay. He is not to be ignored. More than ever now is he to be reckoned with since now Harold Hestwood has begun to set them in song; in a music as quaint, as delightfully odd, surprising as Gawpy himself. There are ten songs in the manuscript which Robert Hestwood has taken with him to New York. They are to be published with the rest of the Gawpy books. These songs, we hope, are only the beginning of Gawpy music. They spring from the words as the flower springs from the seed, naturally, spontaneously, with no effort at all. They sound as easy to make as bread and butter. Yet back of this apparent simplicity is a deep fundamental knowledge of musical law.

Harold Hestwood is a craftsman, a technician as well as artist. He knows what he is doing, where he is going and why. He is not one of these revolutionaries who break patterns aimlessly and at hazard. His modernity is built up on a sure foundation of understanding of the older, more classic forms, therefore, when he makes a new form as he undoubtedly does to the music and verses, that form is solid. His craftsmanship is a conscious artistry while his inspiration is from the unconscious. This ability to balance the conscious and

ARTS AND CRAFTS TO PRESENT "CLARENCE" NEXT WEEK-END

Booth Tarkington's clever comedy, "Clarence" is to be the next offering of the Arts and Crafts theater, to be produced on the evenings of Friday and Saturday of next week.

There will be several well-known Carmel amateurs in the cast and others not so well-known on the local stage. George Ball, the producing director, will have the title role and others in the cast are Hilda Argo, Henry Sanford, Louise Walcott, Stuart Walcott, Amy Gould, Gladys Vander Roest, Tommie Thomson, Lynn Chapman and Robert Stanton.

the unconscious is what produces works of genius. I am not saying that the Gawpy songs are works of genius. One does not say about folk songs that they are works of genius, yet the fact remains that folk music is pure music, the purest music that we know. These Gawpy songs of Harold Hestwood are folk. They are modern. They are the product of the country, of the age.

Listening, one is aware of a sense of rare delight, that delight which makes you want to repeat, to hear again, to learn, to sing them yourself until they become a part of your joy in life, and if this is not the intrinsic value of folk songs then I do not understand the meaning of the word. No need to cry them much or loudly in the market place. They have only to be heard once. Soon we'll all be singing them.

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THE OTHER ARTS

SONNET TO GREEN EYES

You say your eyes are green, and so I know
 Why jade is beautiful; why pounding seas,
 Hiding in emerald depths their mysteries,
 Draw strong men down. I know why grasses grow
 On wondrous hills; why martial vineyards blow
 In low-swept winds; in wanton ecstasies
 Soft breezes kiss the shading hemlock trees,
 And wild birds seek chance verdure in the snow.

When slumbering Nature lifts her head from sleep
 (Fair Virgin of the Cloud to wed the Sun)
 She garbs herself in green, the clear, but deep
 Green mantle of the Spring, by Winter spun.
 And as the year finds strength with glad surprise
 So I drink deep the vintage of your eyes.

—W. K. B.

GEORGE STERLING ON JEFFERS

By GEORGE STERLING

(Re-printed from the San Francisco Review)

On that headland between the main beach of Carmel and the mouth of the Carmel River, once called Point Loeb and now Mission Point, lives America's latest and greatest poetic "find," Robinson Jeffers, act. 38, native of Pittsburgh, Pa., and an inhabitant of Carmel for over eleven years.

It is written that it is as difficult for one to estimate genius at close proximity as to note the height and contours of a mountain when one is on its lower slopes; but it is my sincere conviction that Pittsburgh will eventually owe its fame, if fame it is to have, not from its blast-furnaces and millionaires (not even the dinosaurian Schwab, Gary and Carnegie), but from its having been the birthplace of Robinson Jeffers.

Mr. Jeffers' greatness has been a longish time in becoming apparent, but its final disclosure, has been as brilliant as that of a nova, or new star, without the latter's fate of subsequent diminution. He will grow greater with the years, both in renown and achievement, or I miss my one best bet.

As ever in the case of genius, it is not easy, even if desirable, to find other singers with whom to compare him. The most obvious criterion would be Whitman, what of their use of prosodic mediums that have something in common. Jeffers, however, is incredibly more rhythmic and rhythmic in his lines than Whitman, and in other details the difference be-

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

Comprehensive and alluring description of an army saddle in the Montgomery Ward catalog: "Just the thing to throw on a horse and go for the mail, cows or other errands."

Among the youthful prodigies who receive publicity this season is thirteen-year-old Tony Ricou, youngest exhibitor at the Spring Salon of the Societe des Beaux Arts in Paris.

NEW YORK BARITONE TO VISIT CARMEL SOON

—By H. K. H.

John Gunner Uppman, baritone of the National Grand Opera Company of New York, arrived in the West again for a visit during the hot months of the East. He is in San Francisco but intends to pay Carmel a visit soon. Last summer Mr. Uppman was in Carmel for two weeks and a few people were fortunate in hearing his rich baritone voice, interpreting songs of the Italian, French, Russian, German, and English. Several people, on hearing of his arrival, have asked me if I could persuade him to give a concert during his stay and this last week he has consented to do so. Sometime early in July he will be heard. This will be one of the finest treats of the season for the music loving people of Carmel.

A new detective story by Walter S. Masterman entitled "The Wrong Letter," will be published about the middle of July by E. P. Dutton. It contains the unusual situation of a murderer reporting his own crime over the telephone to Scotland Yard. G. K. Chesterton, who is himself a writer of detective stories, has written a preface to the book in which he confesses: "I can say with all sincerity, nay, with all solemn responsibility, that this detective mystery deceived me."

MUSICIAN SEES NOVEL'S NAME IS MISLEADING

By HAROLD K. HESTWOOD

It was less than a year ago that I heard about Commedia del Arte for the first time. Someone invited me to attend one at the Casa del la Commedia, the home of Jeanne D'Orge. Her house was like most Carmel houses, but someone said something about drama, and acting. Where was the stage? For a moment I thought they just sat around and talked about plays, then Jeanne called me to the kitchen (used as a dressing room) and said, "You are a lawyer and your wife is dumb." I was given instructions as to how a certain plot should be carried out and the first thing I knew I was sitting with fear, trembling on the "stage," wondering how I could communicate with my dumb wife.

After a few appearances I was not as nervous as at first and by the end of the summer it became less difficult to develop a plot extemporaneously, and at the same time logically.

After using almost all of Jeanne's plots the commedia class wrote new ones, some of which "worked" and some which did not, and for the first time in my life I discovered what made a plot actually function.

Many people tried commedia throughout the winter and it was interesting to watch the new ones develop. For some it was a new experience; others were old hands at it. Some even had stage experience and to our surprise these people were usually hampered by too much technique. The actions of others were forced by the intellect and the audience was conscious of movements that were not spontaneous.

To remedy this Jeanne used the "gobble" which is substituting unintelligible sounds for words, sounds which arise through the emotions caused by the stark necessity of the needs of the moment.

Problems arose many times which had to be overcome and finally Jeanne developed a definite plan by which she will handle her commedia class this summer, a plan combining the use of silent pantomime, pantomime with gobble, the situation and the plot. This summer much attention is going to be paid to the writing of new plots with members of the class directing them. Jeanne believes that the creation of plots is the most important thing after all.

After several years of success as a play, "The Bat," by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, is now being published as a book. George H. Doran announces that none of the thrills is left out!

Don't be misled by the title. "Matilda Governess of the English" is not a chronicle of modern aristocratic or royal life seen from the inside. I rather expected something like the autobiography of that naive but irreproachably moral butler which appeared some time ago. Instead, this is fiction of a particularly amusing and well-written type, the story of little Matilda Hope Horsey, an orphan of the eighteen-fifties. It is told in the leisurely fashion, almost, of the novels written at that time but otherwise it doesn't, to my mind, reproduce what one has been led to think of as the atmosphere of that decade. The conversation has a distinctly modern tone to it—particularly that of the Duchess who is more like the heroine of a of a midpresent day than of a present day English novel than the head of a mid-Victorian household. There is a light touch all the way through which is delicious.

I don't know just what the author intended to do, but the book is certainly something in the nature of a parody of the literature of the era Kipling describes in his poem, "The Three Decker". The timesetting, after all, was relatively unimportant and I at least for the most part forgot the clumsy crinolines and bonnets. They didn't seem to cramp any one's style; on the contrary, though, it must be admitted that they made possible the most dramatic incident in the book and one which could scarcely have succeeded in this day of abbreviated clothing.

"Matilda Governess of the English" is not a great or significant novel, but it makes entertaining reading when you are not in the mood for something more serious. The characters which Sophie Cleugh has portrayed are far stock types, for the book is vividly and humorously written. By the time you reach the end, which is quite properly a happy one, you have the feeling of being on extremely intimate terms with quaint children under Matilda's charge and with Matilda Hope herself, the demure little Cinderella governess who started her career as a hardworked pupil teacher and ended it in a blaze of glory.

—D. C.

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"RELIGIOUS HEALING" REPORT TAKES UP SUBJECT OF "NEW THOUGHT"

(This is the fourth section of the report on "Religious Healing", made to the American Association of Medicine by Alice E. Paulsen, Ph. D. It deals with the New Thought movement.)

by ALICE E. PAULSEN, Ph. D.

As a matter of fact, the term New Thought covers the teachings of all the modern healing cults, including Christian Science, Jewish Science and those still to be discussed. Moreover, the "thought" is as old as philosophy itself. Its modern advocates differ only in the manner in which their systems present it. As the systems become more highly organized, they tend to form separate cults and to work more or less independently, although many, if they qualify, become members in some such organization as the International New Thought Alliance or other centralizing agency. However, none of the other New Thought movements are as unified as Christian Science, a product of the same parent stem.

The entire movement in this country may be traced to the revival of transcendentalism which took place in New England in the early part of the nineteenth century. Contemporary thought at that time went through an upheaval under the influence of a keen interest in Neo-Platonism, with its attendant revival of interest in mysticism, idealism and particularly the idea of an immanent God.

In 1830 there was formed a rather loosely organized "Transcendental Movement" largely composed of the followers of such writers as Emerson, Channing, Ripley, Margaret Fuller, Brownson and Hedge. Emerson's essay in the "Over Soul" gives the essence of this movement, a combination of the influence of the Orient and ancient Greece.

This has been passed on to New Thought, and to it has been added the influence of the so-called "New Psychology" which is differentiated from modern empiric psychology by its comparative lack of scientific method and its interest in transcendentalism, which the latter has left practically untouched.

Modern New Thought is also influenced by the doctrines of Theosophy concerning reincarnation, telepathy and the like.

The fundamental principle underlying all New Thought ideas is that "there exists an infinite and eternal spiritual Principle of Being" to which are attributed the qualities of "omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence."

"This Principle of Being is regarded as Pure Spirit, the essence of Spirit being Mind. The Principle of Being is spoken of as Universal Mind. Its substance is regarded as Mental Power. From this arises the statement that 'All is Mind,' including the manifestations, emanation or expression of Mind."

Furthermore, "This principle of Being is held to be One and only one. There being nothing in existence other than this One Principle, the universe must be regarded as necessarily an emanation, manifestation or expression of the One Principle of Being. There is nothing else for us to be. Moreover, the One Principle of Being must be immanent in everything, in different degrees of expres-

sion and manifestation."

Thus, if we are ill, unhappy, unsuccessful, it is because we are not manifesting this "Power Within," and it behooves us to take steps to put ourselves "in tune with the Infinite." This may be accomplished, according to some New Thought teachers, by simply relaxing, thus removing the inhibitions from the flow of energy stored in the mind. Others believe that the mind is influenced by the Infinite Mind and, by making it receptive, energy from without flows in to satisfy whatever need is present. Some compare the individual mind to a radio instrument. Its function is to receive energy radiating from the Divine Mind. Tuning in is a process of controlling the vibration rate of the receiving instrument that it may pick up the vibrations from the Infinite.

Practically all are agreed that the "subconscious mind" is either the storehouse of infinite energy or the instrument which must be manipulated in order that the individual may manifest the qualities of the Infinite Spirit of which he is but an emanation. Proceeding on this theory, innumerable methods of developing, stimulating or releasing the forces of the subconscious mind, as well as methods of tuning in with the Infinite for one purpose or another, are proposed. Thus, we find teachers giving lectures followed by private courses and individual instruction in such things as "Concentration," "Relaxation," "How to Manifest," "How to Demonstrate," "Releasing the Forces of the Subconscious Mind," "How to Visualize," "How to Get Anything You Want," "How to Stop Worrying," and "How to Succeed."

Treatment varies with the school and many consist of relaxation with the realization of the desired end in mind, verbal treatment with New Thought principles, as expressed by various New Thought writers, or passages from the Scriptures, meditation, visualization of the desired end as recommended in the case of Jewish science prayers, active or passive repetition with attention wholly concentrated on certain New Thought formulas, such as in case one wishes to manifest health, "I am Well!" "I am Strong!" Prayer of the affirmative type also has an important place. Music, rhythmic exercises, special types of voice culture, "vitalic" breathing, cultivation of one's special talents in order to better express oneself all have their advocates, each professing to have a special influence over the latent powers that need only be released to emancipate the spirit of man. This is sought to the end that one may manifest more abundantly.

The New Thought student is thoroughly convinced of the influence of mind and he therefore "guards the portals" and, like the Christian Scientist, allows only constructive thoughts to enter. By exercising what he terms his will and imaging faculties, he believes that he can accomplish anything he desires to accomplish. The

capacity is either within him and need only be released; or, if he believes that it comes from without, he feels that he need only place himself in the proper attitude of mind to receive it. The main point to him is that it is possible to him if he will but believe it, relax and permit demonstration to take place.

Relaxation in the case of treatment may involve a comparatively simple process consisting of substituting a calm state of mind for a more active one and placing the body in a resting position, or it may advance through the numerous states of lowered tension, varying from mere resting to a condition suggestive at least of a deep autohypnosis.

There are some New Thought centers in which the teaching includes elements of mysticism. The mystics make a practice of entering the silence, communing with the "cosmic mind," etc. In this state, which is described by them as a "superconscious" rather than an "unconscious" or a "subconscious" state, the mystic seeks to draw near to the source of all power, and through his contact to become imbued with its qualities. He believes that it makes him more powerful, wiser and less restricted by the limitations of time and space. In this state he has a "feeling of the presence" of God or the Infinite Power and he returns to a conscious state with a sense of renewed energy which he believes he has gained from his contact with a higher consciousness than his own. In order to be worthy of this communion, he must live a holy life; and it is in respect to what constitutes this, as well as in the methods they advocate for "entering the silence," that teachers vary.

We have in New York an active Vedanta society, a Sufi center, teachers of the Yogi philosophy and various modifications of these and other similar systems.

One of the methods of entering the silence for the realization of anything including health, as taught by Premal Adaras, president of the Society of Transcendental Science, is as follows: Taking three candles, place them in the shape of a triangle thus:

Now take a crystal (each individual has a special crystal, accord-

(Turn to Page Fourteen.)

SILENCE AND SQUIRRELS

(Continued from Page Three)

famous wreck which was once Napoleon's vessel, and the flat stone portraying the falcon that was his companion during the early days of the building of the tower.

Just below the open tower, in a narrow space that permits little more than a change of physical position, is a bare desk and a single chair. Here the poet writes. The tearing lines of "Roan Stallion" found material form in this recess of the Falcon Tower.

I came down from the tower with the poet. Mrs. Jeffers asked if I would take her husband up town to the garage where he had left his machine for new brake linings.

"And will you take me, too?" asked Sterling. "I've ordered some frankfurters and the butcher said he was closing at 6 o'clock. It's five minutes to that now. I think I can make it."

So, into the back of the funny little brown car I was driving Robinson Jeffers threaded his long frame, and beside him sat George Sterling in quest of frankfurters.

NEW BOOKS AT THE LIBRARY

The Torch Bearers—Kelly
The Theatre Advancing—Craig
The Hunted—Thompson-Seton
Watchers of the Sky—Noyes
Sherwood—Noyes
Esther, Berenice—Masefield
Art of the Moving Picture—Vachel Lindsay
Little Heroes of France—Burke
The Heroes of Britain and Belgium—Burke
Men, Women and Boats—Stephen Crane
The Mabinogion
Society and Solitude—Emerson
Youth—Conrad
Sons and Lovers—Lawrence
The Early Romances of William Morris
Master and Man—Tolstoi
Dialogues of Plato on Poetic Inspiration

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COURT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

CHRISTOPHER WARD

(Continued from Page Four)

features lighting up as he brushed back his curling blond hair impatiently. "You said something! I'll tell the myopic universe! Triumph of the nut, 'Twisted Tales,' 'Foolish Fiction,' and 'Gentleman into Goose.' That makes four," he added, as he took another speckled beauty from his hook and rapped it into the bottom of the boat.

"They're for sale in all the book stores," he continued reluctantly, "at prices according to quality. Metropolitan papers please copy."

"Is that all?"

The man's drawn white features twitched nervously under the glare of the electric light as he stared into the grim face of the ruthless Inspector of Police. His tongue liked his dry lips.

"No, that isn't all," he said hollowly. "I'll tell you the truth now. I'll come clean, Inspector. But, my God, it'll kill my wife. She's had enough to hear already. This pitiless publicity!—Yes, there is another. Now get this right!" He shook his long, lean finger threateningly. "Let there be no mistake. It's a novel. Its name is 'One Little Man,' published by Harper's—attractively printed and bound. Bound! Do you get that?" he cried fiercely. "Bound! Not everyone can say that—dumb people, for instance," he added, meditatively. "And the

price! Oh, my God! The price! Only—only \$2.50—postpaid—sent in a sealed plain wrapper, guaranteed or 10,000 miles—or your money refunded. Think of it! Only two and a half bucks—for all that!"

"What first turned you to literature?"

The cards fell from the stiffened fingers. His lips were bloodless. He sprang to his feet, upsetting the table and sending the dice flying in every direction. He grasped the shoulder of the crouching Malay.

"Who told you to ask me that?" he croaked harshly. "Who are you, woman? Are you Harold Peters?—or didn't they? Answer me yes and no!"

"Will you give me your views on the Modern Novel?"

"Gladly," he answered, with childish simplicity. "The Modern Novel, as I understand it, Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen—and I hope you will correct me if I am wrong—as I once said to a friend of mine—who's long since dead—or so, at least the undertaker informed me, though I never could trust the man. He had a bad eye. Still he lived in Chillicothe—or do you pronounce it Sandusky? It has always been a matter of dispute in my family, and, I must say, I think they're right."

As he finished he drew a concealed watch from his pocket and laid his fingers on my pulse. There was a moment of intense silence.

"Full moon," he gasped. "And the dishes not yet washed! I'm sorry to delay you, but you know how it is—or

HERE'S A BOOK FOR THOSE PHILOSOPHICALLY BENT

One need not be a profound student of philosophy in order to appreciate Viscount Richard Haldane's "Human Experience," announced by the Duttons for immediate publication. The book is intended for those who are interested in philosophy, even though they are not trained in philosophical inquiry. It is, however, an original study and well worth the attention of those well versed in the subject.

Mrs. Lazear is the guest of Miss Francis Taylor in Carmel Woods.

According to Mussolini, democracy is dead. This may, of course, be true, but it sounds too wop-timistic.

—from The New Yorker

was, in the days of our grandfathers." With that he sprang into the seat of the waiting airplane and was off. As I listened to the dying sound of the hoofbeats of his steed, I felt that I had been talking to no ordinary man.

THIS BOOK DECLARED VITAL HUMAN DOCUMENT

One of the most genuine and vital human documents ever written is "Marie Bashkirtseff: the Journal of a Young Artist, 1860-1884." When it first appeared about forty years ago its intimate revelation of the passionate spirit of youth made it the most widely discussed book of its time. That it was not a mere nine days wonder, but a book of lasting value, is evident from the fact that it is still in active demand. The Duttons are about to bring out a new edition of this book in its best English version, the translation by M. J. Serrano.

"A Dictionary of European Literature," by Laurie Magnus, published by E. P. Dutton & Company, is a useful work of reference not only for the information which it gives about individual authors and their works, but in many other ways as well. The student of prosody, for example, will find under the headings "Ballade," "Sonnet," "Triolet," "Villanelle," "Rondeau," etc., brief descriptions of these verse forms besides information about their origin and use.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Editor, The Cymbal:—

The series of articles running in your excellent paper under the caption "Religious Healing," is very instructive and particularly commendable as it is written from the critical and unbiased standpoint of a trained psychologist.

I should like to raise a mild objection to the inference in your editorial comment to the effect that the medical profession is opposed to any form of healing other than that practised by the regular school of medicine. Your statement voices a popular misconception. I should like to emphasize that the medical profession does not oppose any form of healing nor the practitioners of any form of healing or cult so long as they stick to their own field. In principle, it is unscientific to make a cult of any form or school of healing to the exclusion of all others. I use the term "scientific" in the material sense as the interpretation of observed physical phenomena. The human body is a complex living organism made up of minute living cells of intricate chemical structure these cells grouped to form organs of various kinds, functioning in harmony to make a living human being. Many and diverse influences, chemical and psychic, enter to disturb normal functions. Any scientific method of healing should aim primarily to determine the cause of such disturbance and then to apply all means known to science to remove such disturbing element and to restore normal function. This is plain commonsense and is the principle used by the regular medical profession. It is sometimes necessary to adopt physical means alone, for example, application of heat or cold or massage; sometimes chemical, for example, the use of drugs; sometimes psychological, for example, the application of suggestion. It is only for the past few hundred years and particularly for the last century, that scientific methods have been applied to a study of the nature of disease. Considerable progress has been made so that now it may be said with truth that many diseases once considered incurable no longer hold any terrors. The number of such cases is, however, small compared with the number of ill men and the field of unexplored medical research is still very large. The physician himself being only as human as his patient and being limited by human weakness and the progress so far made by mankind in the conquest of disease must often of necessity, if he is honest, admit failure to cure or at times to alleviate human suffering. Experiencing such failure, the patient will sometimes, in desperation turn to quacks, cultists, or religious healers in the vain hope that some miracle outside the power of the regular healing art, may be performed. It is this circumstance which accounts for the presence and success of quacks and extra-medical cults. The history of the healing art has demonstrated that no one form or kind of healing is applicable to all cases. The regular school of medicine, sometimes designated as allopathy (I personally dislike the use of any such name) is only too ready to make use of any proven principles of healing whether or not these principles may originate with any cult or —ism. As so well stated, recently, by Dr. Robert A. Schless:

"Allopathy has no quarrel with cults that remain within their province—we are delighted to have chronic rheumatics go to osteopaths in place of masseurs; we are glad to have chiropractors adjust 'that tired feeling' out of the spine; and we agree that infinitesimal dosages of drugs are as valuable as allopathic ones, for neurasthenics. But we do object to being called in on the fourth day of diphtheria, the fourth week of typhoid fever, and the fourth month of cancer, where the various cultists have been pounding, pulling, exorcising—as the case may be—until we arrive too late to overcome the handicap of delay."

R. A. KOCHER, M. D.



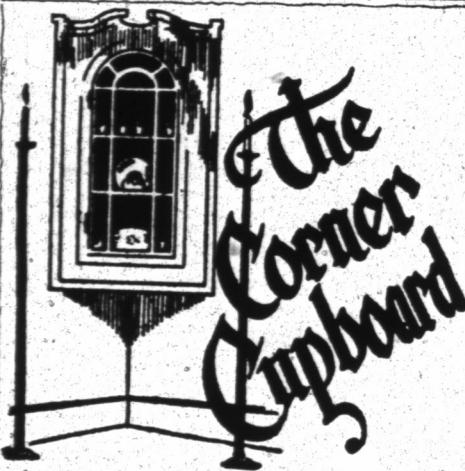
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A. CLAY OTTO
DESIGNING OF ALL KINDS

STUDIO IN COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS

SHAMROCKS WIN

(Continued from Page One)

on base, two out, and two strikes chalked up against her, walloped a timely two-base drive that put her team in the game.

By Ford himself (not a motion picture) merits a special mention. He hit and fielded like a champion. To the credit of the "Shamrocks" and the discomfiture of the "Tigers" it is necessary to say that the chastisement was administered without the services of star Green battery. Charlie Berkey and Bob Leidig. Gordy Campbell came in from left field to pitch and Hal Selby went behind the bat.

The "Tigers" played tolerable ball until the debacle at the end. One noteworthy feature was the debut of Fred Wermuth as an Abalone Leaguer. The little tot landed one safe and another time hit the ball hard, but right at the inevitable Mr. Ford.

In the opening game of Sunday's triple-header the "Reds" won handily from the "White Sox". Behind the steady pitching of George Ball, their acting captain, the "Reds" rolled a tide of runs over the pale hose. Vic Renslow provided a circus play in left field, annexing a fly and tearing in to touch second base for an unassisted double play.

The second game of Sunday's set went to Cal Bates' "Bears" who seem to have found their stride and are stepping along at a winning pace. They are the one team that has licked the "Shamrocks".

SUNDAY'S BOX SCORES

(The columns are: "AB", at bat; "R", runs; "RB", reached base.)

REDS			
	AB	R	RB
Renslow lf.	4	1	2
Stoney lb.	4	2	2
Otto c.	4	0	2
Ball q.	4	1	3
Boke cf.	4	0	0
Field 3b.	3	0	2
Stanford 2b.	3	0	2
Warren ss.	3	1	1
Dibrel rf.	3	1	1
Tanner rf.	3	2	2
	35	8	17

WHITE SOX			
	AB	R	RB
Schweninger q.	1	0	0
Hale p.	2	0	0
Douglas c.	3	0	1
Murphy ss.	3	1	3
Stinson 3b.	3	0	1
Kuster lb.	3	0	0
Walcott cf.	3	1	1
Coffee lf.	3	0	1
L. Pryor rf.	3	1	1
Wilkinson 2b.	3	0	1
Reamer rf.	1	0	0
Hilby rf.	1	0	1
	29	3	10

REDS 101 002 4 — 8
WHITE SOX 000 120 0 — 3

LOST—An orange scarf with oriental design in blue green. On Ocean Ave., between Pine Inn and Surf. Will finder please communicate with Mrs. A. A. Allen, 5170 S. St. Andrews Pl., Los Angeles. Reward.

DEARS			
	AB	R	RB
Aucourt c.	4	2	3
B. Pryor ss.	4	2	2
Schweninger q.	4	1	3
Bates lb.	4	1	3
Hicks lf.	4	1	2
White cf.	4	1	2
Eaton lb.	4	1	2
Todd 2b.	3	0	1
Reamer rf.	3	0	0
Cooke rf.	3	0	0
	37	9	18

PIRATES			
	AB	R	RB
Daniels 3b.	3	0	2
Kay p.	3	0	1
Johnson lb. 2b.	3	0	2
Doud c.	3	0	2
Garner ss.	3	1	2
Josselyn lf.	3	0	0
Mulgard 2b. lb.	3	0	2
Durham cf.	3	0	1
Dibrel rf.	3	0	1
Fox rf.	2	0	0
	29	1	13

BEARS 300 013 2 — 9
PIRATES 000 100 0 — 1

TIGERS			
	AB	R	RB
Wilson q.	4	2	3
Frost ss.	4	2	3
Van Riner c.	3	1	2
Gottfried lb.	3	1	1
Bromwell cf.	3	1	1
Jordan 3b.	3	0	0
Ammerman lf.	3	0	1
Wermuth 2b.	3	0	1
Reamer rf.	3	0	2
Fox rf.	3	0	0
	32	7	12

SHAMROCKS			
	AB	R	RB
Mulgard lf.	4	1	2
Campbell q.	4	0	3
Selby c.	4	1	1
Ford ss.	3	2	3
Mora lb.	3	0	1
Hopper 3b.	3	1	1
Lloyd cf.	3	1	1
Nixon 2b.	3	2	2
Douglas rf.	3	0	2
P. Mora rf.	3	0	1
	33	8	61

TIGERS 301 120 0 — 7
SHAMROCKS 021 003 2 — 8

LITTLE ADS.

WANTED. Girl for office work. Some knowledge of bookkeeping, stenography and typing required. Apply to Carmel Land Company, Ocean avenue, Carmel.

CLARENCE wants a home. He should have a specially good home because he is a specially nice puppy two months old whose mother was a police dog. Apply to Miss Conger, president of the Humane Society (Telephone 279) or The Cymbal office.

LOST PUPPY. Part fox terrier (we think!). If its owner does not claim it we will try to place it in a home. Apply to Miss Conger, President of the Humane Society (Telephone 279), or The Cymbal office.

Dr. and Mrs. Leland Taylor of Boston are spending the summer with Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs. M. A. Graham, who has a house in the Monterey Country Club.

COPEY CAME 'CROSS WITH CRUSHIN CRACK

To the loyal Harvard graduate the famous "Copey" rivaled Whistler in the matter of brilliant sallies.

A characteristic anecdote is told by the New Yorker in a recent issue:

Professor Copeland, known to all Harvard men as Copey, and remembered ever as a quick-minded tart individual, not easy to contradict or chaff, visited New York recently and, as usual, has left a bon mot behind him.

Discussing plans to make fire-proof the dormitory where he lives, he declared it was a good thing. "I should never trust my life to a mere rope. I should wait in my window with the flames about me until some valiant fire-fighter climbed to save me and carried me down triumphant on his shoulders."

"Wouldn't it be even better to wait and be burned to death?" suggested one of the group gathered round. "Think of the headlines the next morning: 'Copey Crisp!'"

Recognizing him as an old pupil, the professor fixed him with an eye, "'Copey Crisper Than Ever' would be more accurate, sir."

PUNCH LAUGHS AT OLDEN

TRAVEL IN NURSERY RIMES

Railway travel in England in the early 50's was not a thing to be undertaken lightly if we may judge by a set of nursery rhymes from "Punch," reprinted in a recent Dutton book, "The Days of Dickens," by Arthur L. Hayward. Here is one of the rhymes to be sung to the air of "Hickory, Dickory, Dock":

"Smashery, mashery, crash!

Into the 'Goods' we dash:

The 'Express' we find,

Is just behind—

Smashery, mashery, crash!"

NEWS NOTES

(Continued from Page Three)

Francisco spent several days in Carmel last week.

Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan and her two children of San Francisco are visiting in Carmel.

Mrs. James Swinerton, wife of the famous cartoonist, is in Carmel for the summer with her daughter, Mary Elizabeth.

George Moore of New York, the famous polo player, is constructing a country mansion on property he recently purchased in Carmel valley. Moore's Carmel home will be the rendezvous for visiting polo teams to the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Reynolds and their two daughters have leased their house on San Antonio and Seventh avenue to Mrs. Benjamin Holt of Stockton and are going on a tour through the Yellowstone, the Northwest and the Canadian Rockies.

Miss E. Krowl of Piedmont is visiting Mrs. Meade Williams this week.

"BIRTH CONTROL" HELD TO BE NEEDED BIOLOGICAL FACTOR

A new volume in Dutton's "Today and Tomorrow" series, to be published soon, is "Birth Control and the State. A Plea and a Forecast," by C. P. Blacker. The author holds that birth control is a necessary biological factor in the development of the common ethical standard, and that the only adequate solution of the problem rests in the hands of the medical profession throughout the world.

Mr. Edsel Ford recently visited the Ford works at Manchester. We understand that upon seeing him all the little cars raised their bonnets. —Punch

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STERLING ON JEFFERS

(Continued from Page Eight)

comes even more marked. Whitman slips but infrequently into beauty; Jeffers' lines glow or blaze with a thousand manifestations of it—no facile or superficial beauty, but one soaring far and high in imagination. Whitman seems to have taken all too often, an almost perverse pleasure in stating his ideas as shabbily and awkwardly as possible. Jeffers falls into no such penurious egotism; his pace is the pace of a Titan, but not of a hobbled, stumbling one. And when one comes deeper, if no more important matters, Jeffers immensely exceeds the gray singer in scope and depth and significance of vision. He deals with the cosmos, Whitman with the democracy of termites. His "shadow of a magnitude" far outlaps the penumbra of the elder poet. And he has but hardly begun to sing!

Indeed, when I come to compare him with his contemporaries, however futile and needless the act, he seems as lonely a figure in poetry as is Dreiser in prose. By that comparison, Frost, fine poet that he is, becomes a wise New England crow, and E. A. Robinson an even sager Arctic owl. Masters is more closely akin to him in poetic blood, but Jeffers is quite as weighty of thought and beyond comparison the more radiantly clad in beauty. Well, in the House of Art there are many mansions!

It has been adduced that Jeffers, like Poe, adds an unjustified force to his artistic impact by choosing themes so horrible as to be in themselves unforgettable. It is, in fact, a harder thing to triumph poetically with the treatment of the normal. But his use of such themes is far from invariable, and we see him bring to saner and deeper matters a wisdom and divination as great as those used in "Tamar" and "Roan Stallion." He is poet as well as philosopher in all of which he brings to bear the fierce light of his imagination, and his work abounds in poems in which crystal and granite are equally evident.

It is his use of the sterner and more sorrowful aspects of beauty that lead me to think that his work will outlive that of Whitman. The latter was primarily a seer, a philosopher, occupied with visions of some future perfectibility and homogeneity of mankind. But all tastes change, and a philosophy founded on a present conception of the desirable may become the laughing-stock of generations far in the future, or may be utterly discarded and forgotten. Beauty, however, seems in no such manner vulnerable. What past centuries thrilled to in the original moves us even in translations. By what mutation are future hearts to be sealed against beauty as final and inexplicable as Jeffers' superb description of a certain sunset?

the sad, red, splendid light.

Fortunate is he on whose memory that light falls unsetting!

But I am not here to quote Mr. Jeffers. That will be done more and more often in essay and review, as he

A LADY TO HER LOVE

I love the things you tell me, dear;
The way you whisper in my ear
That I'm the only girl for you
And that you always will be true.
I love to hear you praise my eyes,
And tell me it is Paradise
When I am cuddled in your arms,
And you're a slave to all my charms.
But, darling, I am at a loss
To know if it is applesauce.

—Robert D. Little.

CYMBALINE

(Continued from Page Six)

curiously. It occurred to me that I hadn't looked in the well since it was first built.

"I don't know," replied Cymbaline and there was a tinge of conscious superiority in her voice, "I didn't look."

"THE HOTTENTOT"

(Continued from Page Six)

I am on the subject of comedy I would like to remind those who laughed so much that the humor of the thing is all they can remember that in a few all too brief seconds in the play he actually lifted you from the hilarity to a sobriety that startled you when he put unaffected pathos in his relation of the details of the fall which had resulted in his horror of the saddle. It was a very short space in the merriment of the evening, but it was a gratifying one and greatly added to an appreciation of Yarbrough.

The others in the cast did not stand out particularly, with the exception of Wallace Scott as the groom, but they composed a very satisfactory support for the two principals.

—W. K. B.

rises with the years to his full poetic stature. It pleases me rather to say that I think him the most fortunate of men—a great poet, of invincible health, comparatively young, a Greek in face and form, happily and conclusively married and the father of two delightfully interesting and physically perfect boys, twins of nine! Add to that that he does not have to worry over finances, and you can see that the gods have for once gone out of their way to show what they could do for us all were they so minded. Nor does Mr. Jeffers take his poetic responsibility lightly, for though the granite Falcon Tower that he has built (with his own hands) may testify to a muscular activity, he wastes no mornings and few afternoons on the small affairs of sociability. Rather is he the hermit, guarding with jealous care the time and sensitivity necessary to his work. I wish him few callers, and windows open to the four winds of inspiration.

The little frame building at Belroi, Virginia, in which Walter Reed was born, has been purchased by the Medical Society of Virginia as a memorial to the discoverer of the means of transmission of yellow fever.

NEW THOUGHT

(Continued from Page Eleven)

to his date of birth) and place it at 4. Next place some incense (this also must be individual) at 5.

Have no other light except the candles and the glow of the burning incense. Sit with limbs folded as in the position indicated in likenesses of Buddha. Hold the arms rigidly flexed, forearms parallel with chest, hands outspread. Roll the tongue up and place it against the upper front teeth. Hold mouth shut, teeth one-eighth inch apart. This is to insure passing above the hypnotic into the "superconscious" state. Close the eyes. Now maintain this position until the hands are numb. Then look in the crystal and you will see yourself as you want to be, well, successful, happy or whatever your desire may be. After repeating this process for seven nights you will have tuned in on Health, Wealth, Happiness, or whatever you desire. From thenceforth you need but relax and you will be attracted naturally to the desired end.

A variation of this treatment for health is to proceed with candles, crystal and incense as directed above.

Instead of squatting on the floor or before the table on which they are placed, lie down totally relaxed on your bed. Drone slowly and distinctly until you fall asleep, the words Om, Mane, Padme, Hum, Om, Oum, taking care to allow the "m" sound to resound and cause a buzzing sensation directly above the nose. This will remove all symptoms and the patient will awaken refreshed and quite well.

This procedure is extreme, and less radical New Thought teaching does not, as a rule, promulgate such methods. Relaxation, however, figures largely in all treatments, and the use of formulas to be repeated under concentrated attention is an important element. Curing disease also is an active part of the work.

Although they do not assume the authority of parting the patient from his physician as do Christian Science practitioners, New Thought practitioners state that the patient is soon convinced of the greater efficacy of the new method and leaves his "crutches," i. e., medicine, eye-glasses if he wears them, etc., behind. It becomes quite unnecessary for the New Thought student to consult a physician.

sician. He feels that doing so interferes with his progress in his ability to help himself, or to be helped by New Thought, because it raises doubt in his mind.

At the last annual convention of the International New Thought Alliance, 10,000 persons were present. It is not possible, however, to obtain a reliable estimate of the large number of people connected with the New Thought movement because it is so widely scattered. It has centers of one kind or another throughout the world. Its literature is very extensive. Ralph Waldo Trine's book, "In Tune with the Infinite," one of the best known New Thought books, has already been through 700 editions. The teachings are promulgated through magazines with wide circulation, lectures apparently always well attended, private courses, and individual instruction. Treatments are given by practitioners who are as a rule also teachers and lecturers. Meetings are for the most part held in hotel parlors or lecture halls. There are as yet no organized New Thought churches, housed in church edifices of their own.

Prominent among New Thought writers are Ralph Waldo Trine, Elizabeth and William Towne, Charles G. Leland, H. Emilie Cody, Kate Boehme, George Warton James, Gertrude Bradford and William Walker Atkinson, and there are others too numerous to mention. The literature includes almost every topic of successful living, with titles such as "How to Remake Yourself," "How to Cure Yourself," "Lessons on Truth," "You and Your Forces," "Worry, Hurry Cured," "Your Will Power, How to Develop It," and "Health and Wealth from Within."

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FAREWELL DINNER GIVEN TO H. F. DICKINSONS

A dinner party was given for Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dickinson, who are leaving for Europe shortly by Miss Tilly Polak at the Mission Tea House last Thursday evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. Armin Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelie Botke, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrik Hagemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. C. Richter, Ferdinand Hilda Argo, Paul Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. David Alberto and Dr. Amelia B. Gates. The table, which was set before the open fire place, was decorated with yellow and blue flowers and lighted by candles.

SEATTLE OFFICERS GUESTS AT FLANDERS HOME

Commander Charles Crosse, U.S.N., of the U.S.S. Seattle, flagship of the U. S. Fleet, which was anchored in Monterey harbor last week, and several officers were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flanders at their home after the prize fight on Wednesday night.

On Thursday evening Commander Crosse gave a small dinner aboard the flagship for the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flanders, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Mrs. Yodde Remsen, Mrs. Helen Wilson, Miss Katherine Cooke, Mrs. Ursula Hooper Johnson, Ernest Schweninger, Lieutenant Commander Barber, U.S.N., Captain Hermle, U. S. Marine Corps, and Lieutenant Williams, U.S.N. After dinner the party went to Del Monte.

CARMEL RAINFALL RECORD FURNISHED BY LABORATORY

Rainfall records for Carmel taken by the Coastal Laboratory from July 1, 1925 to June 30, 1926 show a total of 16.54 inches. This is 0.16 inch more than the previous year and a little more than double that of the year before. The figures for this year are based on the assumption that there will be no more rain in June. If this turns out to be the case, there will have been two months out of the past twelve in which no rain at all fell the other one being last August.

I'D LIKE TO SEE

An artist in a smock
With a wildly waving lock
And an attitude distressful
Who was actually successful.

Bruce Marshall's novel, "The Stopping Verbs," announced by the Duttons for publication about the middle of July, is the story of a very modern young woman who marries a successful business man she does not love. To make the triangle complete there is a handsome young novelist. The book has already been published in England, where The Daily Chronicle said of it: "The characters presented are modern to their finger tips," and the Observer commented: "The book has all the makings of a popular success."

What these explorers talk about in the smoking compartments of the airplanes is something that C. F. W., a contrib inflamed with curiosity, wants to know. Well, probably they begin "It seems there were a couple of Poles, North and South"—
—from The Conning Tower.

HELOISE AND ABELARD

(Continued from Page Eight)

ard and learning of his great misfortune, and finally retirement to another convent and the beginning of the famous letters.

George Moore has kept strictly to his sources in constructing his narrative. The old fight between the Realists and the Nominalists becomes as vital and full of interest as the present struggle between the materialist and the metaphysician. The atmosphere of the church, the lack of tolerance, the persecution of heretics, the corruption of convents and monasteries are all typical of the period. Even the severe winter of Heloise's sixteenth year, when Paris lay for months under snow and the Seine was frozen and the wolves came down from the forest terrifying the citizens, is described as if it were of our own time. The picture of the wolf hunt in the early part of the story is a supreme piece of writing. It is not easy to go back eight hundred years and give a clear picture of life at that time, enriched by the wealth of detail which such a picture demands.

More than this, the great value of George Moore's story lies in its essential truth. Not only historically does it bear inspection, but humanly Heloise could belong to any period because she is a woman; because her struggle between learning and passion is a human one. Her love of Abelard is real and her character has imperfections enough to make her lovable. Abelard reveals himself in his cry, "The miracle is within me, and not without, as all things are, in God; and at forty, at the height of my renown, I find myself helpless, without protection, my learning unavailing, a girl of seventeen having captured my life, leaving nothing but herself between me and nothingness." It is the age-long struggle to subdue the deep emotional current by the means of rationalization.

Few historical romances have maintained their interest to such a degree as this one—and not only do we have George Moore's book reprinted and selling widely, but Scott Moncrieff has made a complete and very excellent translation of the letters. This was published a few months ago in The Blue Jade Library, an interesting group of books which, but for the publishing zeal of Alfred Knopf, would have remained uncollected and perhaps in many cases forgotten.

Emily Townsend
Florence Edgerton

STYLE SHOP

Dresses both ready to wear
and made to order.
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OLD HAND BUILDING
OCEAN AVENUE
CARMEL

SIX HOUSES TO GO UP IN HATTON FIELDS AT ONCE

Building in Hatton Fields is beginning with the construction of six houses, all designed by A. Nastovic, the man who is famous for the monument to Alexander III at Moscow. Three of these homes will be located on Ocean Avenue and the other three among the trees to the south. Nastovic says that some of the houses will be of Spanish and others of English architecture.

JAPANESE PROFESSOR VISITS COASTAL LABORATORY

Professor Takaji Koyama of the Kyushu University, Fukuoka, Japan, was a visitor at the Coastal Laboratory last week. Professor Koyama is interested in ecological and physiological investigations in this country and is on his way to spend a year working with Professor B. E. Livingston of Johns Hopkins University. He will also visit the Desert Laboratory at Tucson, Arizona, en route.

"He's awfully cut up about that scandal. Says he'll never be able to lift his head again."

"Still, that's bound to improve his golf."
—Punch

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A PLEASING SOUVENIR
FOR THE VISITOR

VALUABLE INFORMATION
FOR THE NATIVE

It may be sacrilegious even to ask the question, but doesn't it seem inconsistent that a man who prides himself on having a high artistic sense and who owns the most beautiful small theater in the West should plaster the highway leading into Carmel with a lot of circus-poster-like signs?

A Personal Editorial.

On an extremely beautiful morning in February of last year I saw a boy hanged by the neck until he was dead. I went to San Quentin as a member of the editorial staff of the San Francisco Call. The Call had to know what Tuffy Reid ate for breakfast that day, what he did between his breakfast and the 10 stroke of the clock when he ascended the scaffold, how he reacted to the sight of the noose above his head, what he might say before the trap was sprung, how many seconds were required to kill him after his body had jerked to the extent of the rope.

I asked for the privilege of attending the hanging. I believed that in the work I had cut out for myself in life I should experience all the human emotions possible. It was the first hanging I had ever witnessed: it will be the last.

It was both a weird and ghastly experience. It was ghastly because it was administered death; it was weird because it was premeditated killing. You people who make up the state of California premeditated it. You framed a law which provided for it, you built a prison in which to administer it, you erected a death chamber in which your victim was to be prepared for it, you raised a scaffold on which to execute it, you paid a physician to determine the efficiency of it, you said to Tuffy Reid's mother: "We'll give you your boy's body after we have killed him."

The premeditation of the thing, I say, was ghastly—unbelievable. I remember that for several weeks after I had seen it, I walked about the streets of San Francisco in a somewhat dazed condition. "Could I actually have seen it?" I asked myself over and over again. Could I actually have seen that grim door open, that boy appear between two guards, the two trustees waiting on the floor of the scaffold to kill him, the physician standing beneath it, ready with his stethoscope to determine the time of death?

I say, you did that—provided all that. But your law does not make capital punishment compulsory, even though a jury decrees it and a judge pronounces it. Your law also gives the governor of the state of California the right to commute a death sentence to life imprisonment.

Governor Friend W. Richardson, whose first name is a mockery, boasts that he has not issued pardons during his regime as chief executive of the state. On denying commutation of the death sentence of Tuffy Reid he is reported to have said: "I only wish we could hang the other fellow," referring to the boy who was

with Tuffy at the time a peace officer was killed in Los Angeles. I can well believe he said it because Governor Richardson is a hard man and boasts of his hardness.

There is the slightest doubt that Tuffy Reid was guilty of the murder with which he was charged and for which he paid with his life. That doubt is of the slimmiest, admitted, because it is confined exclusively to Tuffy's denial that he was guilty. But that is beside the question; the matter of his guilt would be beside the question if he had committed fifty murders and confessed to them. I am not thinking of Tuffy Reid, or the Tuffy Reids that are to come and are to be hanged in the future, but I am thinking of the people of the state of California and the governor of the state of California who hanged him.

Can we be human and civilized and possess any tincture of the immortality the sects attribute to us if we do this thing?

And why do we do it?

The hard-boiled man, such as Friend Richardson appears proud of being, says: "We'll show 'em; we'll hang him; hang as fast as we can run 'em up on the gallows, until we stop the crimes they are committing." This is the only argument for the death penalty I have ever heard, and it is a fallacious one. There is no less crime in California than in any state in the Union in ratio of population, throwing in all the states which do not have capital punishment. Punishment is not a deterrent for the crime of murder. In nine cases out of ten, in ninety-nine out of a hundred, murder is an emotional act; not a premeditated one except where a state or a community commits it. It is either perpetrated through an uncontrollable emotion, or done in the frantic effort for the preservation of liberty. In the first instance, the killing of Stanford White by Harry Thaw is an example; in the second, the crime of Tuffy Reid is one. Thaw was fired by an all-consuming jealousy and hatred; Tuffy Reid was frantically shooting his way to freedom. Does any one imagine that Harry Thaw, as he drew his revolver in the roof garden of Madison Square, gave a thought to the electric chair of the state of New York, or that Tuffy Reid hesitated because he knew of the scaffold at San Quentin? And there are men who sat on the jury that adjudged Harry Thaw guilty of murder and men who witnessed the hanging of Tuffy Reid who possess within themselves the same possible emotional reaction that came to Harry Thaw, and the same possible frantic, all-absorbing desire for self-preservation that guided the bullets of Tuffy Reid. You cannot stop murder by killing men who do murder.

Surely such men are a menace to society and, until we have attained more wisdom in dealing with them, they must be denied the freedom of society. But to kill them, deliberately, with careful

plan and detailed machination, is a hideous and ghastly thing.

Friend W. Richardson believes in it; he lays stress on his belief in it. He will listen to no plea from persons who wish to save themselves the shame of being responsible for maintaining it. He is a hard, narrow, pitiless man. He is no man to stand at the head of the State. Every man and woman in California who hates murder; every man and woman who could not have said to Tuffy Reid's mother: "I will let you have the body of your boy after I have killed him," cannot consistently and with self-respect vote for Friend W. Richardson for governor of the State.

Richardson blatantly cries against what he terms the "yellow journalism" of the big newspapers in the large cities of California. THE CYMBAL is a small paper in a little city of the State. If this be "yellow journalism" let him make the most of it.

W. K. BASSETT.

—or something

THE RESSURECTION OF ED. BARNES

He was not dead, but just away.

Who? Ed. Barnes.

Of all the yarns

That turned a brilliant day to gray,
Was the tale that finished Barnes—

Of all the yarns.

He wasn't dead.

Today he said:

"The story was a sell;

"No death befell

Ed Barnes."

He was not dead, but just away,

As they say

So tenderly of those who pass

To other realms beyond the grass.

Says Barnes: "Someone's imagination,
"The story's just exaggeration."

Following is the week's harvest in The Cymbal's limerick contest.

There was a young girl of Carmel,
Of whom there were things one could tell,
She was never at home
For Ocean avenue she'd roam,
On the outlook for an incoming swell.

There was a young girl of Carmel
Who sold a Cymbal to a swell
He read every line
And said it was fine
So he bought the back copies as well
—David C. Lloyd.

There was a young girl of Carmel,
A "Tiger" for ball so they tell;
She played a great game
And won herself fame
So now she is feeling quite swell.
—Mary H. Davidson.

I don't object to this Sunkist label except when they put it on a can of tuna fish and then I don't believe it.

—W. K. B.